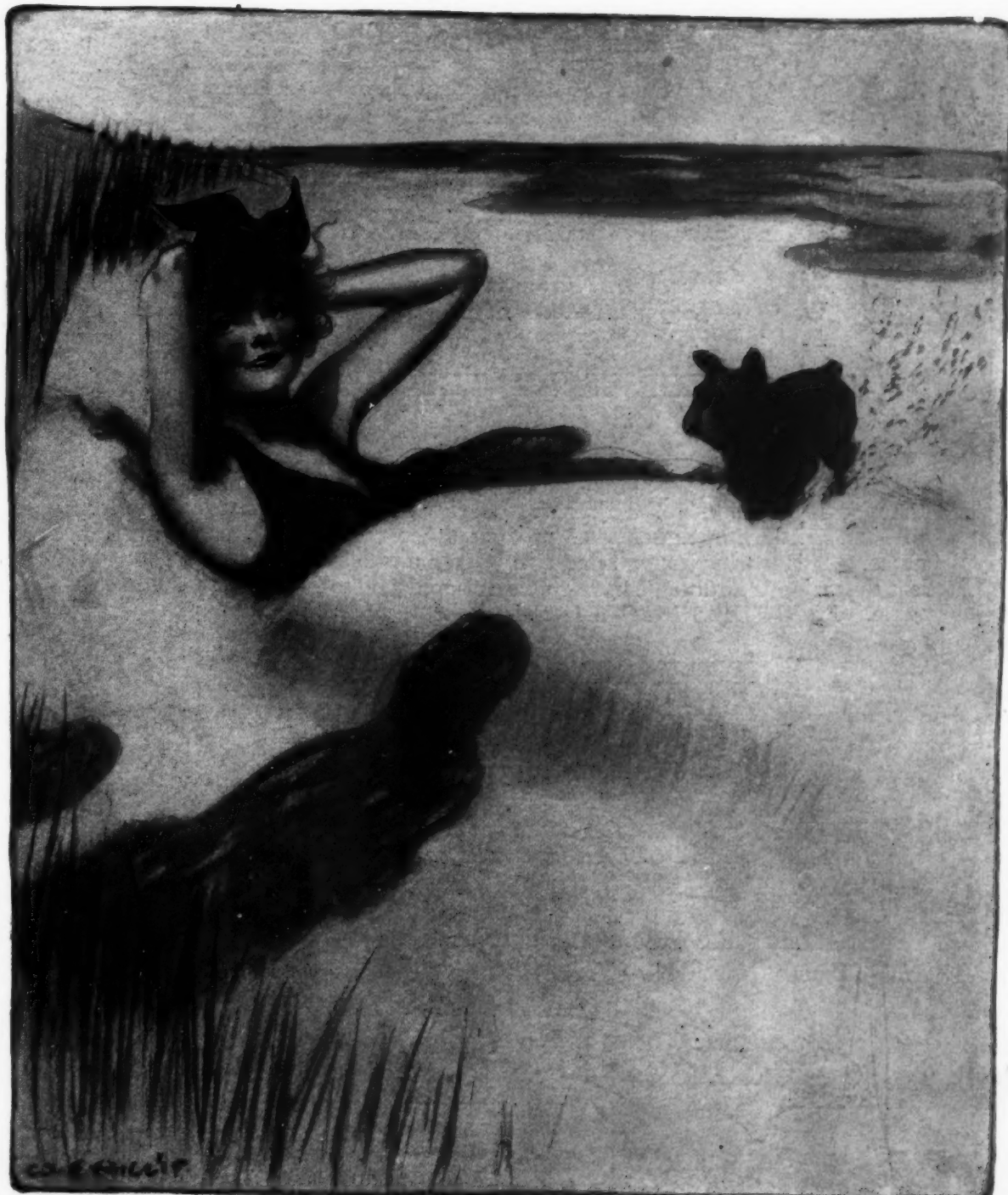


Suck

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FOR FRAMING

WEEK ENDING AUGUST 28, 1915
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FASHION dictates the sleeveless gown, sheer sleeves and hosiery. This requires the removal of unsightly hair from underarm, face, neck and body.

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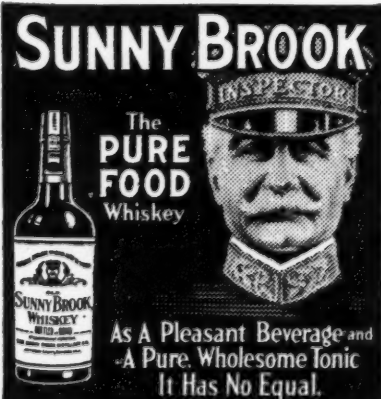
50c and \$1.00 at drug and department stores. If your dealer hasn't X. Bazin, send us 50c and his name for trial bottle. If you send \$1.00 and dealer's name for large bottle, we will enclose a large tube of Sozo Cold Cream FREE.

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As A Pleasant Beverage and
A Pure, Wholesome Tonic
It Has No Equal.

"WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE!"

Puck

NATHAN STRAUS, JR., PRESIDENT AND PUBLISHER

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Our Alert Readers

In the issue of Puck, dated August 7, there was a typographical error, a queer error, an error on the Editorial Page. It may interest our readers, and certain of our advertisers, to know that no less than 6437 people found time in this busy world of ours to sit down and write Puck a letter, a telegram, a post card, or at least to cheer the Editorial sanctum with a telephone call—our Editor is so lonesome at times—informing him of his error. If any one thinks that Americans are a busy race, if any one thinks that they do not read Puck, the attention which this error attracted should certainly dispel these delusions. Even the daily press of New York, including the dear old *Tribune*—*requiescat in pace*—took occasion to call attention to our gross mathematical error which accurately stated, amounted to a miscalculation of one-twelfth.

In place of separate individual acknowledgments or announcements, Puck takes this opportunity to thank these 6437 individual letter writers for their interest, their good intention, their kindness in correcting our gross error, and to assure all of them, including the dear old *Tribune*—*requiescat in pace*—that every effort will be made in future to avoid hurting by any similar error their precise, mathematical souls.

Next Week's PUCK

Ralph Barton has a page on the citizens' camp at Plattsburg. Hy Mayer and Cesare are both represented in color. Mrs. Canary is with us again with her interesting household.

When writing to advertisers, please mention PUCK

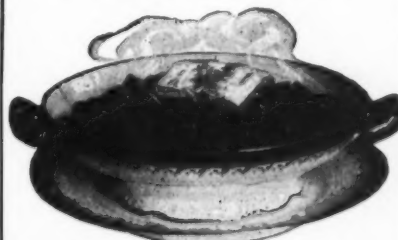


Old Ways
Won't Do Today

Not in fabric-making nor in baking beans. We have learned to do things better, and save work.

"Old-style Baked Beans" has a tempting sound. But it meant hard, crisp or mushy beans. It meant a zestless dish. It meant half-baked beans, a fearful tax on digestion.

When you serve them now you go back 20 years. And folks rebel if such Beans are served often.



VAN CAMP'S
PORK & BEANS BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE
Also Baked Without the Sauce.
10, 15, and 20 Cents Per Can

Compare this new-style dish—Van Camp's—with any or all of the old kinds. Leave the choice to anyone not wedded to the past.

Here are Beans whole and mel-low—baked as they should be, and without crisping or breaking.

Here are tang and zest. The Van Camp sauce is a matchless creation and it permeates the Beans.

Here's the result of master chefs, of modern ovens, of scientific ways. These things are worth while, and we pay the price to get them.

One trial will bring two results: You will insist on Van Camp's always. You will serve Baked Beans many times as often.

This modest-cost dish, more nutritious than meat, deserves to be served in the right way.

Buy a can of Van Camp's Beans to try. If you do not find them the best you ever ate, your grocer will refund your money.



"We have built 600 ambulances for the British Government," said the managing director of the Ford Automobile Company. The ultimate result, we suppose, will be a crop of Ford ambulance stories.

A word from the President halted his car a few feet from where the other machine had gone over.—*Cornish News Items.*

A remarkably well-trained car.

One of Villa's most recent acts was to expel all Chinamen from Chihuahua; thus inaugurating a period of Washful Waiting.

"Russia's true bent is toward a kindly, tolerant democracy."—*London Daily Mail.*

It is even said that the shackles now used in Siberia are fleece-lined so as not to chafe the wrists.

To lend a little lightness to the work of war preparation, why not organize a regiment, every member of which must walk like Charley Chaplin?

Russians fall back to gain time, explains General Mikhnevitch. If they will fall back to the northward, and fall back far enough, they will find days that are six months long. Which should be time enough for anybody.

A total wage increase of 100 per cent. has been promised employees of the Aetna Chemical and Aetna Explosive Companies, contingent upon a continuation of the war until next June.—*Gary, Ind., Despatch.*

Gary will never erect a statue in honor of General Sherman.

"God hasn't any use for a bachelor and neither have I."—*A Jersey Preacher.*

That makes it unanimous.

A woman out in Oklahoma, writing to Secretary McAdoo for \$1,000 from the Federal conscience fund, enumerates her needs as follows: (1) a cow; (2) a Ford car; (3) a set of false teeth. It is a puzzling combination. While item 3 might in wet weather be attached to the rear wheel of item 2, and made to serve a useful purpose by "biting" the road, of what earthly use could item 1 be to her, unless a cow could be induced to give gasoline?

Baseball is the most popular sport so far introduced by Americans into the Philippine Islands, and it is doing much to civilize the people.—*Washington Wire.*

Patience! Yet a while and they will



A GOOD THING TO TIE TO

be civilized enough to throw bottles instead of bolos at the umpire.

Bringing that \$50,000,000 consignment of British gold by way of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad was an unkind thing to do. Think of the temptation it must have been to poor New Haven stockholders along the route.

A manufacturer of automobiles yawns to this effect: the auto is no longer a luxury of the rich; it is an every-day necessity of the great mass of the people. Doubtless, in a few years, some political party will make an issue of the full gasoline pail.

If the Bull Moose continue to disintegrate at the present rate of speed, it may be necessary for the government to save the herd from total extinction by the same conservation methods which it employed in the case of the Bison. Theodore Roosevelt may be forced to move from Oyster Bay to Yellowstone Park in the near future.

An Oxford professor is authority for the statement that high prices are here to stay. We wish the professor would at once communicate the fact to all of

our political parties. It would save them the embarrassment of getting into office on a promise to reduce the cost of living.

If Messrs. Bobo and Blot need any expert help in Hayti, we remind them of the existence of that highly experienced revolutionist, at present disengaged, the Hon Cipriano Castro.

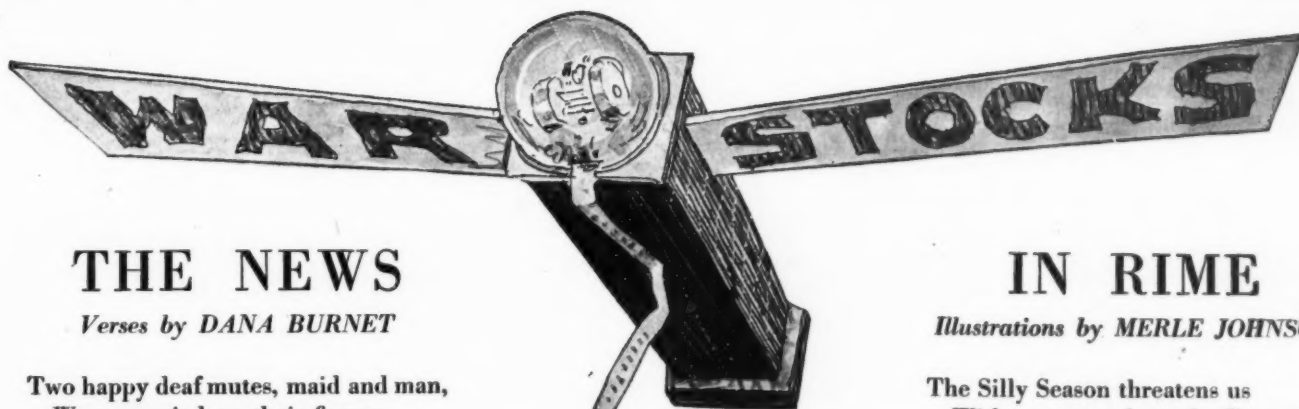
Typhus is raging in Constantinople, and Mahometans accuse the Germans of poisoning the cisterns. Possibly a little Kultur fell in them.

It is understood President Wilson is fully determined upon the elimination of Carranza, as the one stumbling block now in the way of peace.—*News Item.*

Negotiation with Mexico is just one d—d stumbling block after another.

The hardest work Dudley Field Malone has at Plattsburg is to keep from making an after-mess speech every night.

We note in a contemporary the appearance of a novel, "The Immortals," by Robert W. Chambers. The careless compositor who put the "t" in it is as blameworthy as the careless proof-reader who passed it.

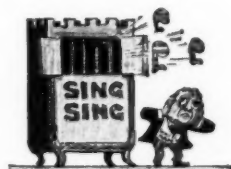


THE NEWS

Verses by DANA BURNET

Two happy deaf mutes, maid and man,
Were married on their fingers.
The popular humidity
Still lacrimously lingers.
If you perfume your house be sure
It doesn't jar your Ego,
The Psychic Set
Use violet,
But pink's as far as we go.

The Anti-Vivisectionists
Bewail our heartless habits.
A bas the human race, they say,
And vice the race of rabbits!
A tribe was found in Africa
Whose ladies share the ballot,
But laws so free
Do not agree
With our enlightened palate.



An ennuied heiress took a job
As salesgirl for the summer.
We hope she bears the authors out
And weds the gifted drummer.
The price of radium has dropped
As low as this month's collars,
A gram, we add,
May now be had
For forty thousand dollars.



The Perfect Husband came to light—
He lives in Jersey City.
For forty years he neither drank,
Nor smoked nor fed the kitty.
'Tis said that Barnes will nevermore
Be moved to try his suit on.
The Russians hug
The River Bug,
And loudly toots the Teuton.

IN RIME

Illustrations by MERLE JOHNSON

The Silly Season threatens us
With costumes from the Roman.
The Germans have a chemical
To dissipate the foeman.
The Kaiser plans to gobble up
His Austro-Hung'ry neighbor,
To serve his ends
He bolts his friends—
It's cheaper than the saber.

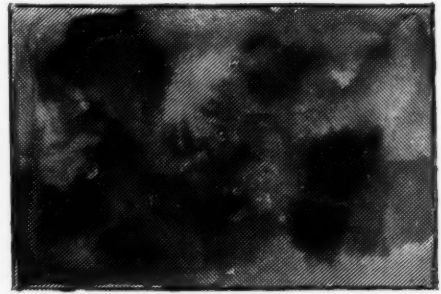
'Tis said a man should never swear
Until he's five-and-eighty.
A revolution passed a week
In temperamental Hayti.
Sir Woodrow told his ministers
'Twas time that we were arming,
The early shows
Are shy of clothes,
And aren't the sport shirts charming?



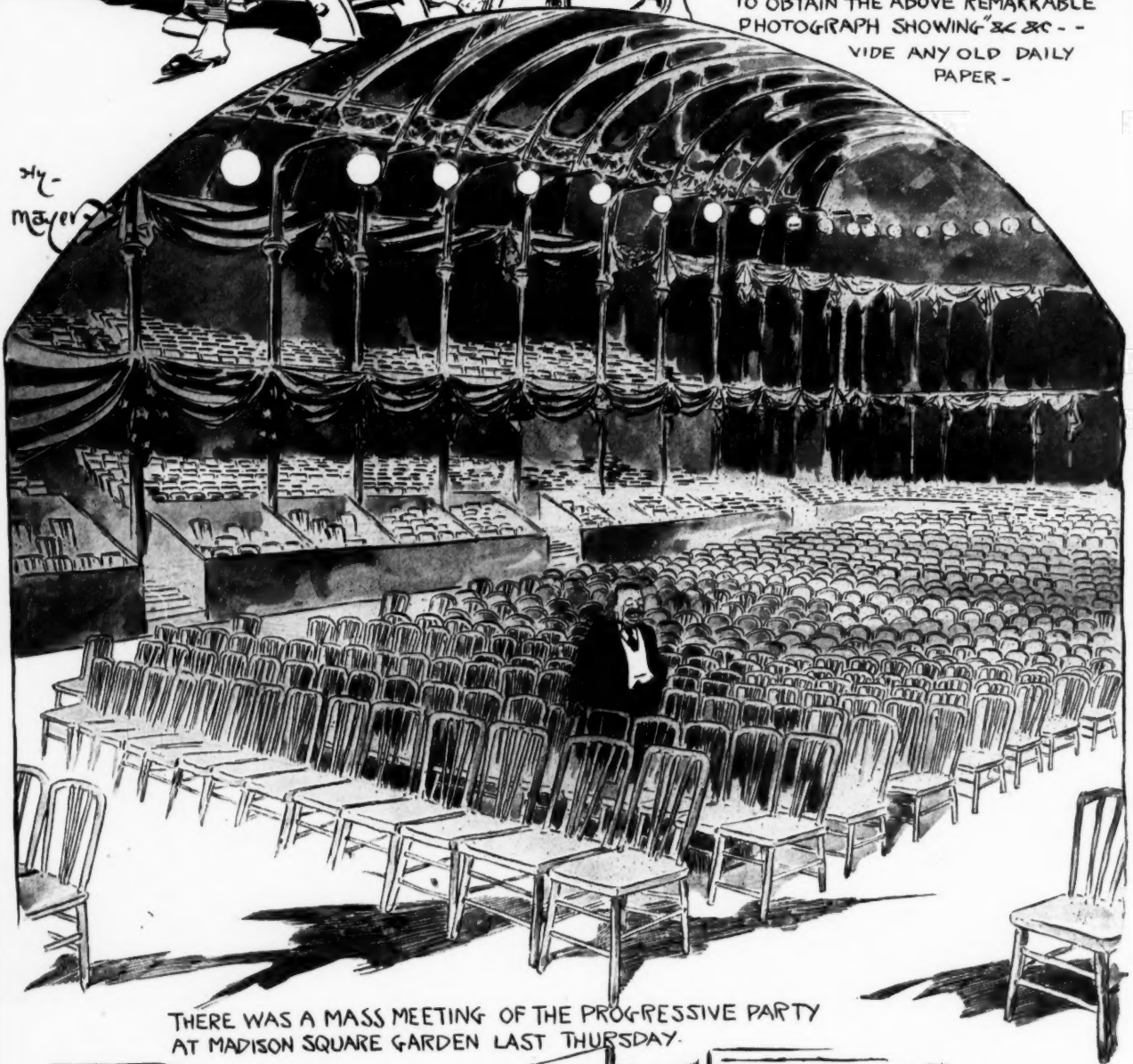
An angler caught a laughing trout—
It must have been an odd fish.
The Colonel's menu nowadays
Is mostly mollicodfish.
The world is coming to an end—
All wicked folk will lay low,
But we must stop
This weekly crop,
And run to pack our halo.



"HOW'S THE COURSE AT YOUR COUNTRY CLUB?"
"CAN'T COMPLAIN SINCE WE GOT THAT
NEW FRENCH CHEF."



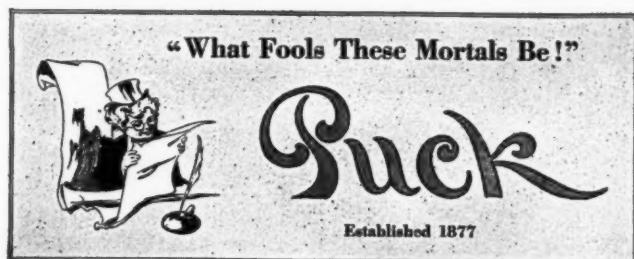
"AT A GREAT EXPENSE WE WERE ABLE
TO OBTAIN THE ABOVE REMARKABLE
PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING - - -
VIDE ANY OLD DAILY
PAPER -



THERE WAS A MASS MEETING OF THE PROGRESSIVE PARTY
AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN LAST THURSDAY.



HY MAYER'S OWN PAGE



VOL. LXXVIII. NO. 2008. WEEK ENDING AUGUST 28, 1915

Curbstone Oratory

SINCE the beginning of the war, Puck has sought to preserve in letter and in spirit that neutrality which President Wilson enjoined upon us at the outbreak of hostilities. That we have so far succeeded is best evidenced by the fact that the letters of protest reaching the editor's desk have been about equally divided between the supporters of the Allies and their more vociferous German opponents.

IT needs, however, only a few more harangues like that delivered a few days ago by one Weissmann to wreck the remaining vestiges of American neutrality that have thus far survived the rape of Belgium, the *Lusitania* murders, a series of German-made industrial strikes and a succession of suspicious fires on United States warships.

WE are a patient people. Weissmann, a self-appointed spokesman of an ill-advised organization of our German-American friends, would be accorded the privilege of facing a firing squad if he dared utter in his beloved Germany a tenth of the vituperation which he launched against President Wilson. And his hearers, who applauded so wildly, would be clapped into a Berlin jail before they had a chance to proclaim their American citizenship.

THE professional German agitator knows this and takes advantage of it. Tolerance in speech breeds a choleric soap-box orator on every street corner inveighing treason against the one Government that has offered them refuge against the inexorable iron-heel of Old-World militarism.

EVERY German who boasts of his American citizenship has subscribed to the following oath of allegiance:

"I renounce forever all allegiance to any foreign prince, potentate, state or sovereignty, and particularly to the one of which I was subject."

The italics are ours. The wording is sufficiently plain, and this oath is not to be considered a "scrap of paper," even by erstwhile subjects of his most puissant monarch William Hohenzollern. A violation of this little paragraph in times of war means treason, and treason has heretofore been summarily dealt with in this country.

THERE is a vast difference between shooting off a gun in Europe and shooting off one's mouth on an American street-corner. The Germans who fled to this country to escape the former, would show a better sense of fitness if they adjured the latter at this particular time, especially in their references to the very patient man now occupying the White House.

REPUBLICS have been known to display the possession of an iron-heel equally as unyielding as the Kaiser's boot, and the volunteer aspirants to the late Dr. Dernberg's unsavory job are tempting fate in their slurring references to Americanism and the men who are directing its destinies. Even Puck has had its threat.

"WHEN we get done teaching Europe manners," phoned one of the Bridgeport agitators the other day, "we are coming over here and put you where *you* belong."

We wonder how far this man's authority permitted him to speak.

Psalm XXIII

AS REVISED BY HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY, THE KAISER

THE Lord is My partner; he shall not want. I maketh him to lie down in green pastures; I leadeth him beside the still waters.

I restoreth his soul; I leadeth him in paths of righteousness for My name's sake.

Yea, though he walk through the valley of the shadow of death, he shall fear no evil; for I am with him; My rod and My staff they comfort him.

I preparest a table before him in the midst of his enemies; I annointest his head with oil; his cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow him all the days of his life; and he will dwell in the house of Hohenzollern forever.

FORMER State Senator Davenport announces that the heart of the Progressive movement is in the West, and carrying out the idea of anatomical geography, the lungs, we presume, are at Oyster Bay. As for the sinews, they—Whereabouts does George Perkins live, anyway?

IF complications are to be avoided between the United States and Hayti, care must be taken in spelling the glorious name of Bobo. An editor who transposed the last two letters might plunge his hapless country into war.

VICE-PRESIDENT Marshall says there is not a night in which he does not pray for the safety and protection of the President. We may be unduly nervous, but just to humor us, we wish he would offer prayer in the morning, too.



NOBODY HOME

A Child Shall Lead Them

It was in the anteroom of Heaven. Everywhere were waiting prayers. Most of them were large, pompous prayers for victory from the warring powers of Europe. In fact, so large and so pompous were they that the anteroom was uncomfortably crowded. While they waited, the prayers talked.

"I was made in a grand cathedral," boasted one. "I was very impressive."

"So was I," declared another; "a king was present and he wore his crown and all his robes."

"I was offered in six cathedrals at once," broke in a third prayer. "They rang bells and burned candles and there were ever so many men in the most expensive vestments."

"Really," remarked a very practical

prayer, "I don't see as it matters much how and under what circumstances we were offered. The thing with which we are most concerned is our reception here by the Most High. Which of us is to receive prior consideration? That is the real question."

"We can't all rush in just as soon as the door is opened," said a prayer possessed of a sense of decency.

"Most decidedly not," agreed the first. "Each of us must wait his turn, and as far as that goes, I personally am not worrying. The people who sent me up here are very devout and deserving. They have the longest list of prayers answered you ever saw."

At this several other prayers snorted.

"Who hasn't?" they inquired.

"But peace prayers are one thing and

war prayers are another. Prayers in war time are urgent. They require immediate answer."

"And the nation which is nearest to the Most High will get an answer first," interrupted a prayer which up to that moment had not spoken.

"I do not wish to discourage you," it continued complacently, "but in Heaven as on earth, influence counts. When I say influence, I do not mean the exercising of any improper advantage, I simply mean that friendship is friendship, and those who are closest to the Most High have a natural reason to feel confident because of previous pleasant relations. The King who offered me up is God's representative on earth, if that counts for anything."

The placid manner of the prayer last speaking had rather a disquieting effect upon the others. For a moment, they were overawed. Then, taking the count for a few seconds, they came back.

"The man who sent you up here is God's representative on earth, is he?" burst forth a big burly prayer in strange, hard-looking words. "Well, I like your nerve! Where did you ever get that idea in your head? Don't—you—know that the royal house whose personal messenger I happen to be, has ruled by divine right on earth for seven hundred years?"

"The King who sent me," said another prayer, rather proudly, "always writes, 'By the grace of God,' after his name. He inherited that right from his ancestors and they got it here."

"My king is 'defender of the faith,'" cried a prayer of refined appearance.

At this juncture, an opening door at the end of the anteroom stopped the conversation instantaneously.

The door fully opened, an angel in the household service appeared and, looking down the room toward the crowd at the entrance, beckoned.

"You," he said gently. "Come."

The prayers from the warring nations all started forward simultaneously, pushing and shoving.

The angel turned upon them.

"Stand back, you prayers for victory!" he cried, "and wait till you're sent for. Open a path there!"

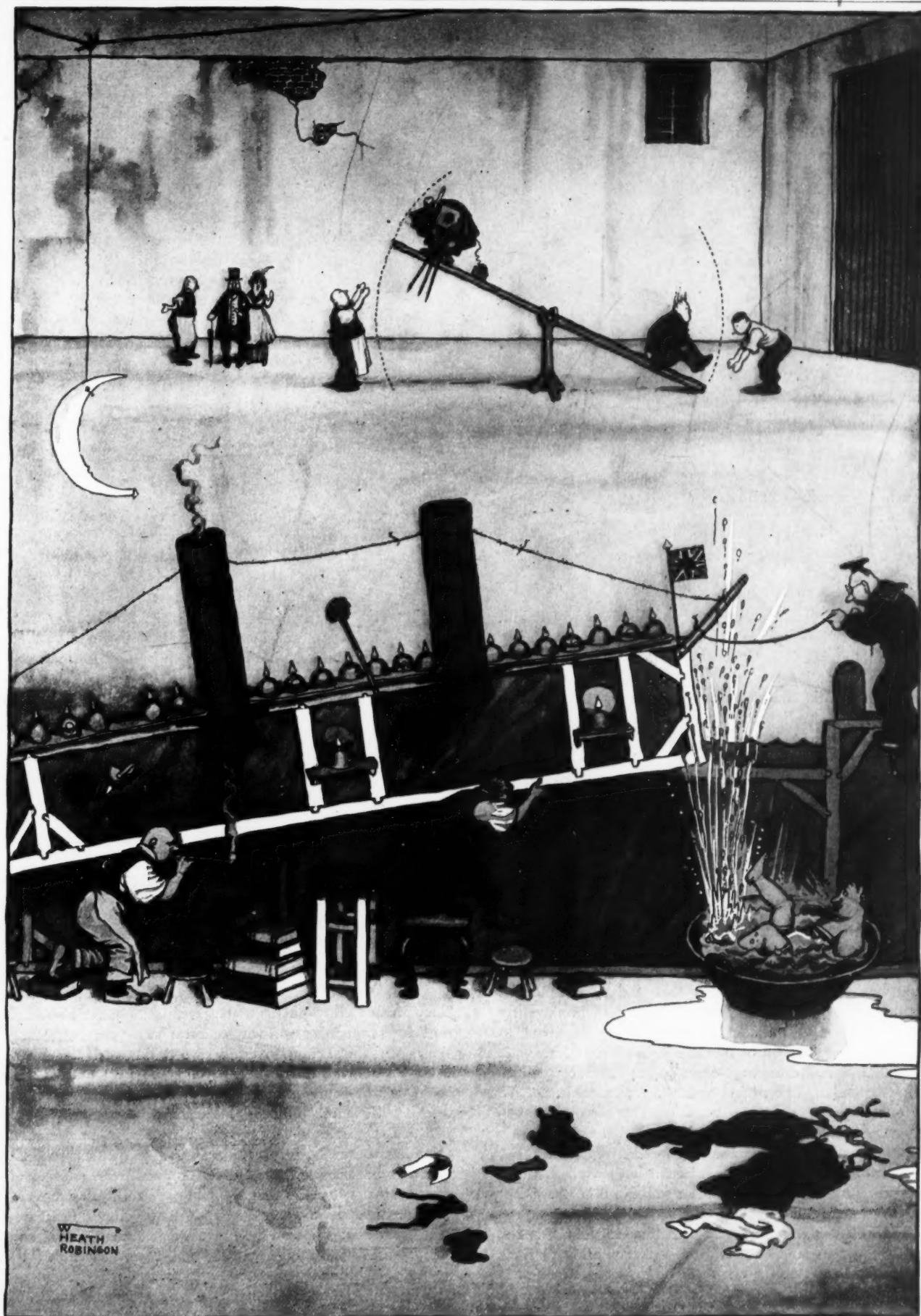
Someone was struggling to reach the angel's side.

"Come. Do not be afraid," said the angel kindly. "This is the way."

Falling back in a panic, the prayers of the warring powers looked to see who it was that had taken precedence over them. They gaped, amazed.

It was the prayer of a little child.

—A. H. F.



W. HEATH
ROBINSON

Drawn for Puck by Heath Robinson of London

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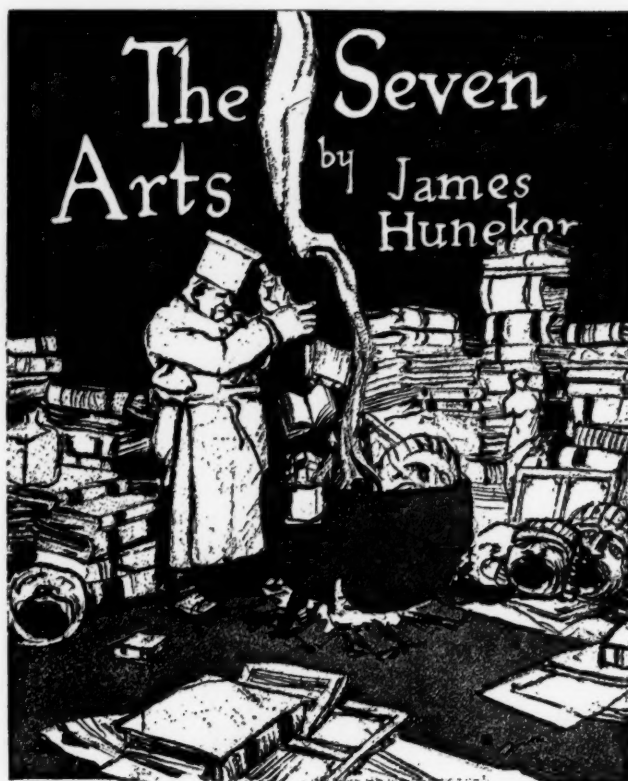
MAKING WAR MOVIES—III

ARRIVAL OF GERMAN PRISONERS AT MARGATE JETTY BY THE NIGHT BOAT FROM BOULOGNE

The Son of a Millionaire Not that I have any personal objection to

millionaires; rather is it the other way—but I hate being called a Little Brother to the Rich, and that's why I usually sidetracked Celestin when he became too offensively familiar. At the club we called him Vichy, which, of course, wasn't his name, but merely the association of ideas. "By Jove!" he tartly exclaimed one afternoon, "why do you call me Vichy even if my first name is Celestin?" "Because," interrupted Jim Gregg, "because you make us thirsty when you talk, you are so dry." "By Jove!" was the answer. Celestin's father had gained his millions as a Film Magnate. Hence the reckless extravagance of his petted scion. Gregg had suggested as an absolute cure for the snob-bish airs of the young chap, never to let him pay a bill. For a month we did this and then the crowd was practically bankrupt. You see Celestin always drank fizz, smoked perfectos at half dollar a smoke, and never put his feet on the sidewalk while there was a motor-car to be had. So we succumbed to the inevitable and accepted our respective share of the "movies" cash.

On the Shore It is not of Celestin's personal habits I wish to speak, but to tell the story of an evening I spent with him at Gorgonzola-by-the-Sea. At the time it interested me very much. In fact, too much. We had driven down in his big racing car and I expected a neat, if not gaudy, supper at the Country Club (so-called because it faced the bay). I was disappointed. After only two tiny drinks Celestin housed his car and, bidding me follow him, we boarded a one horse railway train and got off at the first station. It was called Gorgonzola-in-the-Pines. The station was closed and I noted that the ever confident Celestin wore a subdued expression. I asked him, gently and firmly, what was the game. Who were we about to visit? Had he ever been in this locality before? He shook his head. Aha! I thought, we are in for it. He will lose me in the woods. The night was mild and moonless. We made our way by starlight—for I saw no street lamps—along a narrow wooden path. Celestin called my attention to the extraordinary size of the glowworms, remarking that they must have been raised in a special hothouse. I didn't laugh. We plodded onward. Not a sound, not a house, not a vehicle interrupted our meditations. Once, when I stumbled, Celestin snickered. I felt like punching him. When we crossed a road and entered a still darker alley of trees I felt a stone walk under my feet and rejoiced. We were on the right track. But after at least five miles we weren't, I halted. "See here, Celestin," I sternly exclaimed, "what did you say was the name of your friends?" He faintly replied, "Sawbuck." "Then lead me to your Sawbucks and have done with this gypsy tramping. We are not nocturnal birds of prey." We resumed our march. At last a



light, a friendly, lovable light, which issued from a house perched on a low hill. We mounted the incline and reached the piazza. Through the open windows we discerned a delightful interior; surely the abode of ease and refinement, and furnished with inevitable taste. We saw a young man and a young woman seated at a table, upon which stood a lamp of exotic workmanship. This contented couple were reading. Evidently of cultured Brooklyn stock. I nudged Celestin. "Are these your friends, the Sawbucks?" He hesitated. Ye Gods! he positively hesitated. "I—I think so," he answered. I became husky with rage. "You only think so! You think they may be the Sawbucks, and it is now 10 o'clock! When the last train has gone they may turn out to be the Boofums."

I confess I forgot my manners in my irritation. Besides, I was both hungry and thirsty. Quite another Celestin stood by me, a thin, black lath in the obscurity. He had suddenly become timid, even fearful. I had recourse to irony. "Are they musical, your Sawbucks? If so, here goes for a whistle." I piped the Valkyr motive. The man at the table arose and closed the inside shutters. I became melodramatic. I shook Celestin's shoulders. "Musical, very, I don't think. Me for Gorgonzola-by-the-Sea." I had hardly turned when Celestin cried: "Of course it's the Sawbucks. How stupid of me not to recognize the lady. Come along." Mechanically I followed. We reached the door. Tremblingly we knocked, and after a moment's delay it was opened. Wondering what sinister game was this of Celestin's, I entered the house with him.

The Sawbucks "So you really came after all!" two voices chimed in joyous unison. I was presented. Indubitably charming people, the Sawbucks. They immediately put us at ease, especially after the host rang for sandwiches and various liquids. Were we hungry? Were we thirsty? Presently we talked of the beach, Celestin always interrupting my flow of conversation. He is the sort of young man who says offhand: "I know a lady who has the most philosophic mind in New York." And you are expected to be impressed. Celestin paid marked attention to our hostess, who was young and comely. He blandly chattered. After she had played, with overwhelming expression, on the pianola, Chopin's military polonaise, Celestin had the audacity to sing "Then You'll Remember Me." He had what might be called a daring tenor voice, one of those tenors known as "bathroom," because their owner always loudly sings when the water flows in the tub. I fancied I detected suspicious glances exchanged by the Sawbucks, and I recalled with dismay that Celestin had not once addressed these pleasant people by name; and not once had he mentioned mutual friends. But I quickly banished such ugly thoughts. We talked. We had ideas. Mr.

(Continued on page 20)



INFORMATION WANTED

I

Cigarette-tip burning bright
Through the darkness of the night,
By your glimmer I can see
Helen, by the apple tree.

II

Just a feature, now and then,
As you die and flash again—
But, what I would like to see
Is who keeps her company.

III

She is not alone, out there—
Helen doesn't smoke, I'll swear;
And by rights 'tis I should be
Standing with her 'neath the tree.

IV

Tempted by her pretty pout—
This was MY dance to sit out.
Cigarette-tip, honest, true,
Who's the chap who's smoking you?

IN THE WAR-ORDER

*Pictures of the Near-Future
Land of the Free and
Home of the Munitions
Maker*



See the man. The man has just stepped on a tack and bumped his shins against a rocking chair in the dark. But the man is smiling. Surely; he has just thought of a grand scheme to sell a million rocking chairs and ten billion tacks to the Allies, they to use them for entanglements.



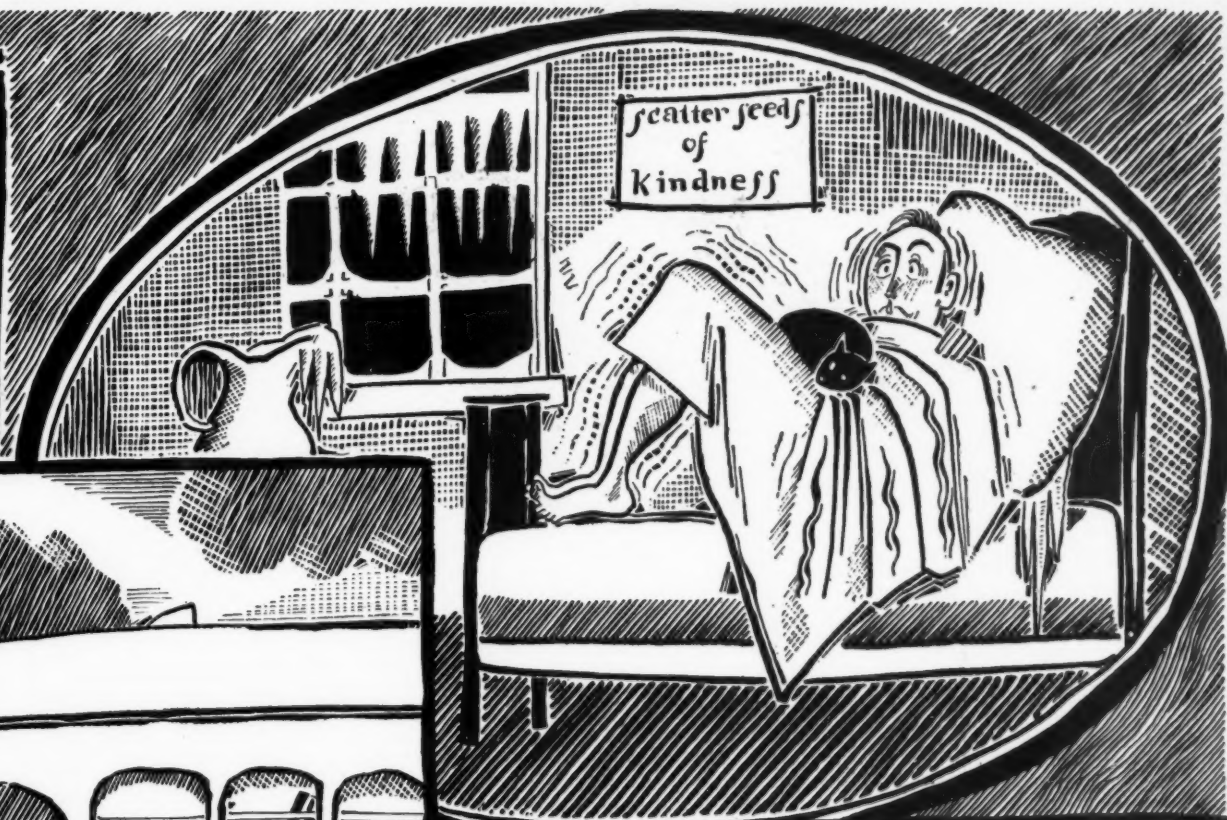
There is nothing like having a good excuse. "Yes," said the man in the dinky car, "I tried hard to buy a big machine, but there was nothing doing. All the big-car people are under contract to make nothing but motor-trucks for the Allies."



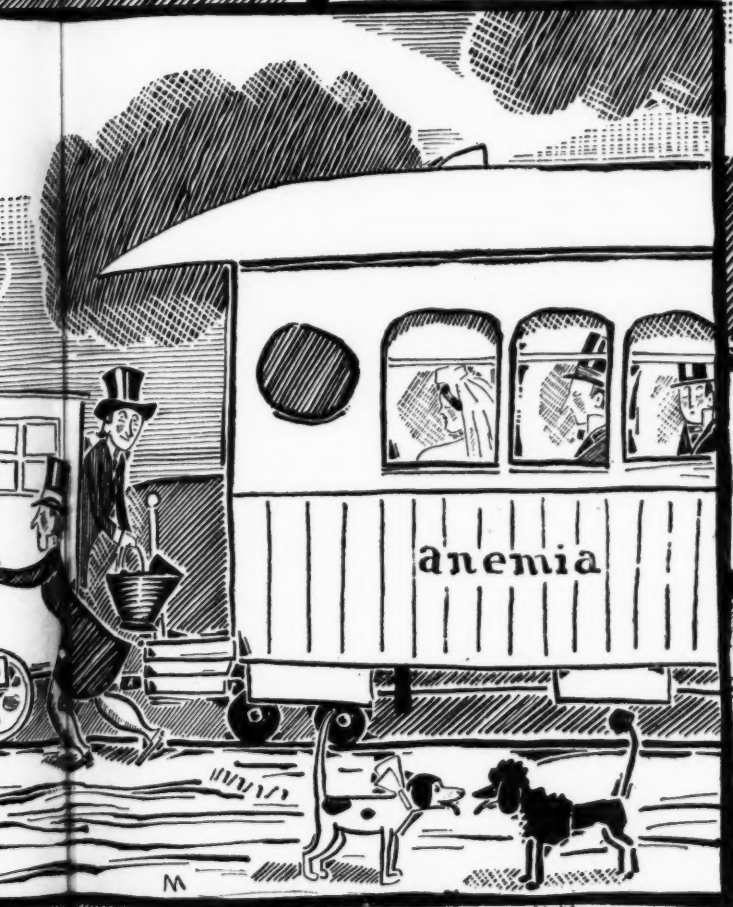
If the war continues much longer, American roads will have to go to the bee-yard for their locomotive equipment, all the locomotive works being too busy making war munitions to supply them.

IN THE ORDER ZONE

of the Near-Future in the
l of the Free and the
me of the Munition-
Miker



It is winter, but the man has nothing over him save a sheet and a cat. Is he poor and unable to afford warm coverings? No, but the Russian government has placed an order for every blanket in the United States.



Even the candy people are getting into the war-order zone. Girls filling shrapnel shells with bon bons and chocolates, for use in battles during the glad Christmas season.

j.held

*After
the
Bath*

By
Joaquin
Sorolla
y
Bastida



This canvas by Sorolla, probably the greatest of contemporary Spanish painters, hangs in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, and is reproduced by courtesy of its owner, the Hispanic Society of America

THE FLIRTATIONS OF A SHAMELESS ELEPHANT



I
A. D. 1905—Menage a Trois



II
A. D. 1912—Jilted



III
A. D. 1916—And they lived happily ever after?

THEY were pioneers in the vast army of flat-hunters.

"There are odd looking chalk marks on that flat," said the younger one. "Do they mean anything?"

"You bet they mean something," said his more experienced companion. "It's one of the secret signs of the Flatdwellers' Protective League, and means 'no heat in these apartments, except in July and August.'"

"How many stops has that 'ere new organ that ye bought for your daughter got?" asked Farmer Stackpole of his nearest neighbor.

"Three," replied Farmer Hawbuck grimly; "breakfast, dinner and supper."

All is desolation and gloom. Whatever signs of life there may have been once have long since fled. Now there is but dusty death.

The earth, once soft and rich and fertile, is hard and interlined with seams. It is a veritable desert, in which nothing can live. There is no moisture. The sun glares pitilessly upon a barren waste.

What are these melancholy stumps? Brown and stunted, they are relics of a life that was. They were green once—green and flourishing from root to topmost leaf. They blossomed with richest promise in the warm fragrant soil. Turn away and be sorry for them. Their grief is as poignant as their fate is tragic.

What is this desolate scene? Is it the alkali plains of the mysterious West? No. Is it an area laid waste by a volcanic eruption? No.

No; it is merely the floral window box, over which you were so enthusiastic in June, as it will look in August.

You are in the country. The box is on the window-sill at home.

"Yes," said the professor, trying hard to be entertaining, "I have spent years investigating sun spots."

"Goodness," cried the lady with the fast-moving fan, "and they say women are inquisitive!"

Whereat the professor took the count.

The scene was the dining-room of a summer hotel. Among the new waiters was Harold, a college boy. Taking his

first order, Harold swung wide the kitchen door and cried lustily:

"Rah, Rah, Roast Beef, Rah, for Two. Mashed Potatoes. Corn, Flip-pity Flop. We've on top, Tomatoes, Hullabaloo Ice Cream, Siss, Boom, A-a-h-h, Demi Tasse!"

It was a simple case of the force of collegiate habit.

"Please, Pa," pleaded Bobby, "just one more."

"All right," said Pa, closing his book.

"Well, say, Pa," began Bobby, "who is going to bury the last man that dies?"

The woman visitor to the prison cells was amazed to find such a theory of depravity.

"Do you mean to tell me," she asked, "that reading Shakespeare brought you to prison? What works did you read?"

"Romeo and Juliet, mum," said No. 411.

"But what evil influence could that have on you?"

"Why, it learned me to be a porch-climber, mum."



FISHERMAN'S LUCK SOMETIMES IS HARD LUCK

A QUESTION OF IDENTITY

By Richard Dark, of London

I HAVE known many fathers, but never one who so nearly approached the ideal of devotion as Tomkinson. A reasonable amount of variety may be looked for in a family, a boy here, a girl there—even twins are occasionally not amiss, so long as they represent both sexes. But Tomkinson is the father of seven consecutive little girls. When I add that he is also one of the most cheerful and optimistic of my friends, you will see at once the kind of character he possesses. The world contains but few men like Tomkinson.

One evening at a quarter to seven as I stepped out of my train from Town, I caught sight of Tomkinson sitting alone in the station waiting-room and staring moodily into the fire. His expression convinced me that he was in trouble. Besides, he was generally with his family by tea-time.

"Hullo," I said, walking up to him, "are you waiting for a train?"

"No," he answered.

"The children are all right, I hope."

"Yes, quite all right, thanks."

I laid my hand on his shoulder. "What is the matter, old chap? You ought to be at home by this time, you know."

He leant forward and buried his face in his hands. "I daren't face them," he said.

A terrible suspicion flitted through my mind. Could it be that the genial optimism, the cheery kindliness, so long the admiration of all Tomkinson's friends, had served but to cloak a latent tendency to crime which the stress of the last few months had brought suddenly to the surface? I knew that Tomkinson's business had been hit by the war. Was it possible that in some unguarded moment he had forged a cheque or made away with his office boy? Such cases had been known.

"Tell me all," I said gently.

He got up and turned upon me a dull, despairing gaze. "No, no; not now," he said hoarsely. Then he strode out of the waiting-room. I noticed that he carried clutched in his left hand a small brown paper parcel.



Jane hurriedly left the room

At eleven o'clock that night, my wife and the servants having retired to bed, I was smoking a final pipe by the fire when the front door bell rang. It was Tomkinson, looking pale and worn. I led him into the study and poured him out a stiff whiskey and soda. He swallowed half of it and sank into a chair.

"You ought to be in bed," I said.

He smiled wanly. "I have not been home," he replied.

We sat in silence for a minute or two; then he took from his pocket a small brown paper parcel and laid it on the table. "I suppose you have no idea what there is inside that?"

"None whatever," I answered.

"Open it," he commanded.

For a moment I hesitated. It was an innocent-looking package, yet, after all, who knew what it might not contain? But I am a man of considerable courage. I pulled myself together and cut the string. The contents surprised me; they consisted of eight pieces of knitting, each unlike the rest and also unlike anything I had ever seen before.

"For weeks past," said Tomkinson, "my three eldest daughters and I have

been knitting these things. We are not, I admit, skilful knitters, but we did our best. Ten days ago we sent them off to a friend who is collecting woollen comforts for the troops at the front. We expected some acknowledgment of our gift. Every morning my daughters have gone out to meet the postman at the bottom of the road, hoping for the letter which should contain news of our knitting. Every morning they have been disappointed. This evening on my return from Town I caught him myself at the station. He handed me this parcel. Our offering had been returned, and with it came a letter in which my friend stated that the articles were of no use to him, since though he had been trying for a week to discover what they were, he was unable to identify them." He broke off, then his tone took on a note of anger.

"Not identify them! It's ridiculous. Any fool could see at a glance what they

were." He turned to me. "You recognize them, don't you?"

"Of course," I said.

"My poor children!" muttered Tomkinson. "How can I tell them?"

I pondered for awhile. Then an idea struck me. "I believe I can help you," I said. I have an uncle who also collects garments for a monthly parcel which he sends to the troops. Let me give them to him. He will be glad of them. I will see him to-morrow and tell him to write and thank your little girls at once. He will say the knitting was forwarded to him by a friend. Your daughters need not know that the friend was myself."

Tomkinson stood up and seized my hand. "I shall never forget your kindness," he exclaimed with tears in his eyes.

On the following morning I showed the pieces of knitting to my wife.

"What are they?" I asked.

She examined them minutely. "It is difficult to say. This one, for instance, seems to have started its career as a sock, and then to have changed its mind and ended by being something

between a knee-cap and a body belt. The others are all equally puzzling. No, I'm afraid I cannot help you very much."

"Let us consult Jane," I suggested.

Jane is our housemaid, a confirmed knitter. But she proved a broken reed. She fingered the knitting for a minute or so without a word and then hurriedly left the room. An hour later my wife discovered her sitting in her bedroom and gazing in a dazed manner at the portrait of her father, who had lost his life some years before in a boating accident.

Thrown on my own resources, I reflected that as the eight articles were the work of four persons they were probably pairs of something. It was certain that they were not gloves, nearly as certain that they were not mittens. Hence in all likelihood they were socks. I decided for socks, and went out and purchased four pairs of these useful commodities, which I presented on behalf of Tomkinson and his daughters to my uncle.

Two days later Tomkinson called

again. His face was beaming with smiles. "My little girls were delighted with your uncle's kind letter," he said.

I gave a sigh of relief. It was all right, then; they *were* socks. Just before he went, however, an awkward contretemps arose. As ill-luck would have it, Tomkinson's eye fell on a side table. He stopped thunderstruck. "Why, there they are!" he exclaimed.

It was true. There, to my dismay, half covered by their original wrapper, lay the eight pieces of knitting. Fortunately, in the nick of time, I had an inspiration.

"My dear fellow," I said, "my uncle discovered this morning that your socks lack one thing. He always insists on his contributors marking their work with their initials—the personal touch, he calls it. So will you please take them and let me have them back again to-morrow?"

Every time some men stub their toes they regard it as an uprising of the world against them.

Clean Up, Gentlemen!

A few years ago, shares in the Rock Island Company sold at \$207 a share, and many investors trustingly put their money in it at this figure.

A pair of Wall Street's precious market-riggers got through with the road about a week ago. In the wind-up, \$100 shares brought 35 cents. How much the estimable "financiers" who wrecked the property cleaned up is not revealed.

Wall Street will command the respect of the country when it publicly washes its hands of the two worthies who plundered the Rock Island. At present they are still operating in other issues, and a new group of investors are morally certain to have their pockets picked.

"Is your new minister an especially intellectual man?"

"Very; he's been tried twice for heresy and thinks the saloon is a necessity."



IT IS ALL IN THE POINT OF VIEW

The picture of the Kaiser is reproduced from *London Opinion*, where it appeared over the caption, "On a Piece of String." The gentleman on the string is too well known to need introduction. He is Germany's puppet, in British eyes, because he doesn't take orders from England in settling his disputes with Germany. The picture of John Bull was drawn by a member of Puck's staff. It represents Uncle Sam, according to the German viewpoint. He is England's puppet, in German eyes, because he doesn't take orders from Germany in settling his differences with England. Pleasing everybody is just as difficult a job as it was when Aesop wrote his fables.

A War-Time Primer

See the man. Is he a large, fierce man? No; he is a small, meek man.

What is the man reading? He is reading a newspaper. He is reading the war news with particular attention.

Why does he read the war news so closely? Why? Because he is afraid the war may come to an end.

What! The small, meek man is afraid the war may end? Precisely; he trembles when he takes up his daily newspaper for fear it will contain a confirmed rumor of peace.

How deceitful are appearances! This man, for all his meek and mild exterior, must be a regular fire-eater.

No; he is not at all a fire-eater. In fact, he detests fighting. He would run seven blocks out of his way any day rather than get in a fight.

Is he indifferent to the sufferings of others? Is he callous to the fact that war means suffering?

Not at all; he is far from indifferent to the sufferings of others. He walks around an ant-hill rather than step on even one of the ants; and he shudders with compassion when asked to remove a mouse from the family mouse-trap.

In heaven's name, then does the man put ants above human beings? Mice above men? How can he, being compassionate by nature, desire a continuance of war?

Very easily. In fact, he never gives a thought to the sufferings of the wounded, to the dreadful havoc of the battlefield. Battles please him.

His favorite hope is: "Gee! If the war will only last five years!"

His next favorite hope is: "Wow! If this country can only get into it!"

And he is a meek little man, you say? Yes; not only is he meek, but he is a scrawny-necked, chicken-breasted, spindle-shanked, piping voiced little man.

We give it up. Does he inherit a love of battles? Was his father in the Civil War?

Not so you could notice it. His father was shipping-clerk in a sutler's cart.

Was his mother militant? No; she used to hide herself in the closet whenever there was a thunderstorm.

No; there is no reason in heredity. But it's really very simple just the same.

The small, meek man has five shares of a war-stock which he bought on margin.

Some day he is afraid peace will be declared, and the broker, unfeeling brute, will ask him to put up more money.



If a Giant Cut the Wires

Suppose all telephones were silent, and that for forty-eight hours you could not even call a telephone exchange anywhere in the Bell System to ask what the trouble was!

Imagine the confusion which would prevail—with personal visits and messengers substituted for direct, instant communication; with sidewalks, street cars and elevators jammed; with every old-fashioned means of communication pressed into service and all of them combined unable to carry the load.

The instant contact of merchant with customer, of physician with patient, of friend with friend, would be severed; the business man and the housewife would lose the minutes and hours the telephone saves them. The economic loss would be incalculable.

There would not be time enough to do the things we are accustomed to do, and social as well as business life would be paralyzed.

Such a condition is almost inconceivable. The Bell System has developed telephone service to the highest degree of usefulness and made it so reliable that its availability is never questioned. It has connected cities, towns and the remotest places from coast to coast, and has taught the people the advantages of nation-wide telephone facilities.

Plans are made, buildings built and businesses run with Bell Service taken for granted, and yet we have to imagine what it would mean to be entirely without telephones before the great value of this ever-present service can really be appreciated.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

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One System

Universal Service

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OF

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PUCK PUBLISHING CORPORATION

301 Lafayette St., New York

When writing to advertisers, please mention Puck

In Methuselah's Day

THE BEATRICE BAREFAX COLUMN AS IT WAS WRITTEN AT THAT TIME

PANSY BLOSSOM: You say the young man has been calling on you for 39 years, but has never declared himself on the subject of matrimony. Do not be discouraged. Doubtless, he is bashful, so give him a little encouragement. When he sees you home to your father's care of an evening, ask him in for a year or two, and show your preference for him in other ways. You are sure to land him at last.

OLIVE: You ought to be spanked—a chit of your age going out with young men and talking of marriage. It is ridiculous in a child of sixty-eight. Your hair should be down your back, and you should be home helping your mother, not galavanting about the streets with boys scarce older than yourself. I wish you were a child of mine for about five minutes.

HESITATING HECTOR: Matrimony is a serious step, as you well suggest, but if you and the young lady are quite sure of your own minds, my advice is by all means to get married. Do not wait too long. I strongly disapprove of protracted engagements. You are just at a nice age to marry, you 138 and your fiancée, 119.

GLADYS: Don't lose your self-respect. Just because a young man has been calling on you for the past fourteen years is no sign that he cares for you. He may be merely killing time. Treat him with a dignified reserve, and do not let him think he has a monopoly of your society.

ELSIE: No, most decidedly your mother is right. You would never be happy with a widower of 456 summers. Seek some one nearer your own age. December and May never mated yet.

LONELY MARY: A girl of forty-seven is much too young to have gentlemen callers, unless some older member of the family is present.

LITTLE CLARENCE: Pa, I saw a man yesterday who had no hands to play the piano.

MR. CALLIPERS: How, for goodness sake, did he play it?

LITTLE CLARENCE: He didn't.

MISTRESS FAKE: I don't see what complaint you can make against the beds. Each one of them is supplied with a hair mattress.

NEW BOARDER: That's the point. I think mine badly needs a shave.



Waste

in the

Case

Schlitz in Brown Bottles is good to the last drop in the last bottle. The Brown Bottle is impervious to the damaging effects of light.

How many cases of light bottle beer have you had where the

Last Bottles in the Case Were Tainted or Skunky?

Do you realize that this increases the cost per bottle of the good bottles? Also that the slightest taint of impurity ruins the healthfulness of beer?

Schlitz in Brown Bottles is good — there is no purer beer brewed. It is all healthfulness.

See that crown is branded "Schlitz"

Order a case today

The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous

The Seven Arts

(Continued from page 10)

Sawbuck had been reading a book, "First Aid to Wagnerites," and he laughingly asserted that the man who had written it should be forced to hear Parsifal once a day for a year. Again I felt disquieted. What kind of gallows humor was this? And Celestin so musical—at least he said he was.

The Getaway Soon a second cold supper was served with nicely iced wine. We became festive. We discussed Shakespeare and the musical glasses, of art, of cabbages and of kings. But not of the social world, not of Gargonzola-in-the-Pines. Celestin was almost witty. Then I happened to think of the time. Good heavens! Nearly midnight and the last train left at 12.36; catch it we must or else a bed in the woods for us. We were accompanied as far as the stone walk by our hosts and after warm invitations to make a second visit we finally got away. Truly a wonderful evening, all the more wonderful because unexpected.

We were in good spirits when we arrived at the station, with time to spare. Suddenly appeared a tall, lank man, as if he had dropped from the sky. He was nearly seven feet high, so I calculated, was coatless and in his bare feet. I could see the white of his shirt, but not the white of his eye, so dark was the night.

"Have you got a watch?" he gruffly demanded. Celestin pressed closer to me. Bravely, even sneeringly, I answered, and my voice must have quivered.

"A watch! In Summertime! Do you take us for millionaire magazine writers?"

He mumbled an apology and went to the rear of the station, where we heard him snoring as the train emitted a warning whistle. He was only a half-drunk farm-hand, yet he might have proved a dangerous vagabond. And then what! We shuddered as we boarded that thrice welcome train and relaxed the tension of our exacerbated nerves with cigarettes.

The Confession "Enough adventures for one night! But Celestin, why is it that you never told me of your entertaining friends, the Sawbucks!" He looked at me with penitent eyes (better say penitentiary eyes). His voice was broken by remorse.

"They are not the Sawbucks. I remembered too late that the Sawbucks

(Continued on next page)



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In the
September
Century

KIPLING

In the
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In the
September
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Original Bottling Has Old Gold Label
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DIARY April 26, 1820

Captain Tappan is back from a voyage with many wonderful tales to tell. He brought with him some strange liquors, but agrees with me that there is nothing so excellent as

Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 years"

The verdict of those who have made comparisons is always the same as that of Capt. Tappan. With a flavor and bouquet exceedingly pleasant and a uniform quality, Old Overholt is always in the lead. Aged in the wood, bottled in bond.

A. Overholt & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.



Don't Let Your Vacation Benefits Get Away

Evans' Ale

will make them a physical asset by turning them into blood and sinew.

Try it at home. In Bottles and Splits.

Leading Dealers. C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.

The Seven Arts

(Continued from preceding page)

had moved to Southampton. I was afraid to tell the truth, and, and——"

"Not the Sawbucks!" I indignantly broke in. "Wretched duplicity, this! Do you mean to tell me in cold blood that those charming people, who put themselves to such pains on our account, are not the Sawbucks? Who, then, in the name of suffering humanity, are they?" Celestin did not hesitate a moment.

"I never saw them before in my life." I was aghast. We had deliberately intruded on total strangers, who had possessed the gracious tact not to show us the door. What hospitality! What delicacy! Gargonzola - in - the - Pines was positively Utopian. Clarence read my thoughts, for he explained:

"I think they saw the mistake from the first, and possibly, being bored, made the most of us." I was angry at his selfish nonchalance. What boors we had been! I could not restrain my rage.

"Celestin, you are a conceited coxcomb! I insist that you send a letter of apology to our unknown hosts as soon as possible."

"That's the trouble—unknown! To whom shall we address this letter? Better forget it," he grinningly added as we arrived at Gargonzola-by-the-Sea. There we found the club closed, the inn shut up, and only after lots of noise and money expenditure did we awake the garage man and get the car. We tumbled into it and, mentally consigning my fate to the hands of Celestin, I fell asleep and only came to at dawn, when we reached town. What a strange night! I never saw either of the Gargonzolas again. Nor did I discover the name of our involuntary hosts. Perhaps I don't wish to know.

"Yes, we pay spot cash for everything."

"Ah! I often speak to my husband about the time when we had to."

"It's remarkable how soon a man is forgotten after he is dead."

"I guess you never knew my wife's first husband."

"She is a good whist-player for a woman, isn't she?"

"Yes; she always plays in a whisper."

There are times when we seem to have very little influence with ourselves.

When writing to advertisers, please mention PUCK



Club Cocktails

The introduction to the hospitable board can be achieved under no more auspicious circumstances than through the medium of Club Cocktails. It is the right start that portends a successful end.

Experts blend the choicest liquors, mix them to measure, age them to smoothness in the wood.

All varieties at your dealer's.



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Quiet
Economy
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Opposite LaSalle Street Station—LaSalle Street at Van Buren.

An outside room with private bath or toilet for

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No Higher
Hotel Sherman Company

The Inside Story

A conservative Wall Street man was interviewed by a Puck representative as to what he thought of the skyrocketing of "war stocks." He laughed, said he didn't touch them; said no sensible insider did; then pensively remarked, "Do you know how these rumors, resulting in the soaring of stocks, start?"

"I meet my friend Jones and I say, 'It seems to me that the International Macaroni Company Consolidated ought to have machinery that would enable them to make war munitions.' Jones says, 'Never thought of that.'"

"Jones meets Smith a little later. He says, 'Say, old man, have you heard the news about International Macaroni? They're going to make war munitions. It's just a rumor, but I think there's something in it.'"

"A few hours later Smith meets his friend, Brown, a big speculator, and says to him, 'Brown, old man, I've got a tip for you. Hear International Macaroni is equipping to get out big orders of war munitions.'"

"Brown gets excited, rushes to the Stock Exchange and starts out to buy Macaroni. It gets whispered all over the floor, 'What's the matter with Macaroni?'—'Big war orders on hand.' International Macaroni commences to soar; everybody wants it at once, and up it bounces. Next day, I myself, saunter over the floor of the Stock Exchange and ask, 'What's all the excitement about Macaroni?' Somebody answers, 'Haven't you heard about it? They have big war orders on hand, and are filling them every day.' I say, 'Yes, but have you stopped to consider that their Macaroni has holes in it?' My friend answers, 'Heavens, I never thought of that,' and commences to sell wildly, and then it's whispered intensely, persistently, hissing throughout the floor of the Exchange, 'International Macaroni is no good. Their macaroni has holes in it'—and down the stock drops.

"Yes," continued my Wall Street friend, "That is the kind of careful comparison of values upon which our dear, shrewd public invests its money. That is the kind of insight into the future upon which the men who buy and sell on margin pretend to rely."



JUNIOR PARTNER: We've advertised these silks at seventy-five cents per yard, and still they don't sell.

SENIOR PARTNER: Well, advertise them at seventy-five cents *the* yard. Let's try catering to the high-toned trade.

From Antwerp, Paris and Berlin and from the Western Trenches, Arthur Ruhl has sent Collier's exclusively his word-pictures of war. In "With the Turkish Army" his scene has more color, the sun more heat—but it is still a very human story, the narrative of the Turks and how doggedly they have defended the Dardanelles.

The first installment of this two-part article appears in the August 28th issue of

Collier's ^{5¢ a copy}
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
416 West 13th Street, New York City

A Newspaper Dictionary

ACE OF SPADES: What the thing was black as.

AGED RECLUSE: Any man over sixty who lives by himself. (See *bags of money*.)

AGREEABLE SURPRISE: What the home team is expected to furnish when the season opens. (See *midseason form*, *long home stand*, etc.)

CONCERT PITCH: What the audience was keyed up to.

FIRETRAP: What the girls escaped from.

HANDSOMELY GOWNED WOMEN: What the courtroom was filled with. (See *co-respondent*.)

HEIRESS: Any daughter of the Four Hundred when she becomes engaged. (See *prominent clubman*.)

HOPE: Something that is abandoned. (See *entombed miners*.)

LOST TRENCHES: Something regained by the side issuing the bulletin.

SCATHING ARRAIGNMENT: Any criticism of a public official.

HISTORIC LANDMARK: Something about to be torn down. (See *modern office building*.)

TERM OF YEARS: What the lease was renewed for. (See *huge rental*.)

OFFICIAL CIRCLES: What the news was rumored in.

SUPERIOR ODDS: What the victim struggled against. (See *desperate*.)

BRUTAL ASSAULT: An attack by highwaymen. (See *lonely suburb*.)

HIGH AUTHORITY: What the news was learned on.

INTERNATIONAL COMPLICATIONS: (See *threatened*.)

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